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A Bunch of Roses.

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HAROLD ROORBACH, Publisher, 132 Nassau St., N. Y.

A Bunch of Roses

A Burlesque Musical Entertainment

BY

W. D. FELTER

AUTHOR OF "THE SWEET FAMILY," "OVER THE GARDEN WALL,"
"THE WIDOW'S PROPOSALS," ETC.

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A BUNCH OF ROSES.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MRS. PHŒBE ANN ROSE, — *from Kalamazoo.*

PRUDENCE LOBELIA,
POLLY CLORINDA,
PRISCILLA,
PAMELIA,
PATIENCE,
PENELOPE, } *The Bunch of Roses.*

LILLY,
PANSY,
VIOLET,
DAISY, } *The Rose-buds.*

SALLY SPARKS, — *who only "thinks so."*

MATILDA JANE, — *the Hired Girl.*

* MELVIN MELROSE, — *the only Young Man on the Spot.*

PROPERTIES.

Washtub and board. Bottle. Two large rag dolls in long dresses and caps. Small mirror for Melrose. A large bouquet made by tying paper flowers to a dead branch, the stem being decorated with a large bow of ribbon — this is to be brought forward by some one in the audience to PRUDENCE, after her recitation.

* This character may be impersonated by a young lady, if preferred.

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COSTUMES.

MRS. ROSE.	Old-fashioned dress; big bonnet; faded cotton umbrella; bandbox, etc.
A BUNCH OF ROSES.	Light summer dresses of a fashion three or four years old, trimmed and ruffled with colors. Funny bonnets, with gay strings tied under chin, and completely covered with roses (paper roses can be used). Hand-bags and fancy work. Small parasols such as children use. Hair in cork-screw curls or hanging down back. Don't try to look "pretty," but let everything be decidedly burlesque.
SALLY SPARKS.	Short dress; gingham pinafore; hair in two braids to stick out behind ears.
MATILDA JANE.	Calico dress; apron.
MELVIN MELROSE.	Summer bicycle or outing suit; straw hat; négligé shirt, etc.
THE ROSE-BUDS.	Short dresses; pantalettes; funny, outlandish hats. They should be very awkward, and chew gum constantly.

SCENE.

The scene is supposed to represent the parlor of a country boarding house. About three feet in front of the rear wall hang two curtains to extend across the platform, leaving an opening, in the centre, of three or four feet. Behind this centre opening, hang a black cloth against the wall to form a backing for the pictures. Place curtains or screens at the sides of the platform, leaving spaces at the rear to serve as entrances, right and left. 3 chairs R. and 3 chairs L., up stage. 1 chair R. and 1 chair L., down stage. If there is sufficient space, a table back of chair L. Other furniture to dress the stage, as may be convenient. If the piece is represented on a regular stage, set a plain room scene in the same manner.

ABBREVIATIONS.

In observing, the actors are supposed to face the audience. R. means right; L., left; C., centre. UP STAGE, toward the rear; DOWN STAGE, toward the audience.

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

As the curtain rises, MRS. ROSE *ENTERS from* R., *with umbrella, bandbox, etc., and crosses to* C. *She speaks breathlessly and impatiently.*

MRS. ROSE. Well, upon my life, I wonder what sort of a place this is, anyway! I've knocked, and knocked, and knocked, and nobody seemed to pay the slightest attention to me. A nice sort of a place this must be for summer boarders! (*Looks around.*) I wonder where they all are? When I left Kalamazoo with my lovely daughters, everybody said as how I'd wish I was back home instead of being cooped up in a four-by-six room. My daughters had read so much about the girls a-going away from home to be Summer Girls at a waterin' place, that there wa'n't no peace in our family until I promised to bring them here. The advertisement that caught me read, "A nice, quiet place with all the comforts of home, and the companionship of many charming people." (*Looks around.*) The place seems quiet enough, but I wonder where the charming people are.

ENTER SALLY SPARKS, R.

MRS. R. (*turns and sees her*). Isn't there anybody at home?

SALLY (R. C.). Think so.

MRS. R. (L. C.). "Think so!" Well, don't you know whether there is or not?

SAL. Think so.

MRS. R. You're an idiot.

SAL. Think so?

MRS. R. Do you work here?

SAL. Think so.

MRS. R. Is your mistress at home?

SAL. Think so. (*Crossing to* L. *entrance.*)

MRS. R. (*crossing to* R.). Well, do you *think* you can tell her that Mrs. Phœbe Priscilla Ann Rose and daughters have arrived?

SAL. Think so. (*EXIT*, L.)

MRS. R. (*looking after her*). I wonder if that is all she can say? I hope she isn't a sample of the "charming" people we are to meet here.

ENTER MATILDA JANE, L.

MRS. R. Are you the landlady, Miss Slimmens?

MATILDA JANE (*very drawly*). No, ma'am.

MRS. R. Are you the hired girl?

MAT. (*brightens up*). Yes, ma'am.

MRS. R. I wrote here about board for myself and my lovely daughters; and here we arrive, and no one to meet us. Are our rooms ready?

MAT. (*very drawly*). No, ma'am.

MRS. R. Didn't you know we were coming to-day?

MAT. (*brightens up*). Yes, ma'am.

MRS. R. Are there many boarders here?

MAT. No, ma'am.

MRS. R. Any gentlemen boarders?

MAT. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. R. (*aside*). That's good. Perhaps the girls will be able to make an impression upon some of them. (*Aloud.*) Are they old gentlemen?

MAT. No, ma'am.

MRS. R. Young?

MAT. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. R. Is your mistress at home?

MAT. No, ma'am.

MRS. R. Can we remain here in the parlor until our rooms are ready?

MAT. Yes, ma'am. (*EXIT*, L.)

MRS. R. (C.). "Yes, ma'am," and "no, ma'am." What a numskull she is, to be sure! Rather a cool reception, I think; the landlady away, and two hired hands that don't know anything about the place. (*Crosses to* L.) I do wish some of those "charming people" would come in. (*Sits*, L.)

ENTER MELROSE *from* R.

MELROSE. So do I.

MRS. R. (*aside*). What a nice young man! He must be one of those charming people we are to meet. (*Aloud.*) Are you a-stopping here?

MEL. I'm not moving, am I?

MRS. R. (*aside*). Inclined to be pert. (*Aloud.*) I mean, are you one of the summer boarders here?

MEL. Yes, I am *the* summer boarder here. (*Sits*, R.)

MRS. R. (*interested*). How many are there?

MEL. One to-day; none to-morrow.

MRS. R. (*puzzled*). What *do* you mean?

MEL. Just what I say. (*Leans back and crosses knee.*)

MRS. R. Do you mean to say you are the only one here?

MEL. I am the *whole business.*

MRS. R. (*aside*). And here I've just arrived with my lovely daughters, and only one single man to go 'round!

MEL. Yes, I've been here a week. You see, I saw an "ad." in the paper for summer boarders, where one could have all the comforts of home and the companionship of many charming people —

MRS. R. (*interrupting*). The same advertisement that caught me.

MEL. And so I came down expecting to have a jolly good time; but you are the first person I've seen since my arrival, except the landlady and two light-headed servants. I should have gone home before this, but Miss Slimmens told me she was expecting a Mrs. Rose and a bevy of lovely girls to-day —

MRS. R. (*jumping up*). And here we are.

MEL. (*rises*). Are you the Mrs. Rose who was expected?

MRS. R. I am.

MEL. (*crosses to her*). Then, where are your lovely daughters?

MRS. R. Sitting out on the veranda, watching a chance to make an impression upon some young man. You see, this is their first season out; and they mean to be regular summer girls, and all become engaged before they go home.

MEL. (*turning away; aside*). And I the only man here!

MRS. R. And we had laid such plans for our big entertainment that we were going to give. You know it's quite the proper caper among summer boarders to give some grand charity benefit for the benefit of something or other; and we have arranged a program for the benefit of the Free Ice Fund for the Philippine islanders. What do you think of it?

MEL. Immense! Simply immense!

MRS. R. My daughters are all beautiful and accomplished.

MEL. Must take after their ma. (*Coughs.*) Ahem! Have you more than two daughters?

MRS. R. Well, a few more. I have a regular Bunch of Roses, to say nothing of my Rosebuds.

MEL. Do they all take part in the entertainment?

MRS. R. Every one of them; so do I. All we need is a young man to help us out.

MEL. Then count upon me. Anything to kill time; and Dew-y (d'ye) know, I think free ice is just the thing to give Hawaii (away) to the Philippine islanders?

MRS. R. You dear man! I'll call my daughters in; and as our rooms are not ready, we will rehearse our program here in the parlor. Let me see, your name is —

MEL. Melrose — Melvin Melrose, of Montrose, Pa. (*Say* P A, *not Pennsylvania.*)

MRS. R. Melrose! Well, I don't see any reason why you shouldn't join the bunch.

MEL. (*aside*). I'm in for it now, so here goes for some fun. (R.)

MRS. R. (*crosses to* R., *and calls*). Come in, my cherubs.

(*To* MELROSE.) Young man, prepare yourself for a regular feast of beauty.

[MELROSE *takes out a small mirror from his pocket; straightens necktie, etc.*

ENTER the DAUGHTERS *from* R., *running on single file, and forming a line across the rear of the stage; backs to audience. Each carries a small parasol open, in* R. *hand, so as to screen the face from the audience.*

MRS. R. (L.). I never let a young man gaze upon my daughters' beauty until he's been prepared for it, for I'm always afraid the shock might shake him. Are you quite sure you can stand it? Are you fully prepared?

MEL. (*facing audience*). Yes; I'm prepared for anything. (*Tragically.*)

MRS. R. Then, behold! (*All the* GIRLS *turn at once and face audience. Parasols over* R. *shoulders. Turn to the* R. *so that parasols are all at the same angle.* MELROSE *turns* L. *at the same time, and starts back as if shot.* GIRLS *all smile upon him.*) Girls, I want to introduce *all* the "charming people" you are to meet here. Mr. Melrose, my daughter (*first one on* L.).

Prudence Lobelia, who's short and sweet;
Polly Clorinda, with Trilby feet;
Priscilla, a maiden fair of face;
Pamelia, you notice, is full of grace;
Patience, they say, looks just like me;
And that is little Pe-nel-o-pe.

[*All bow as if one person.* MELROSE *bows at same time.*

SONG: "HOW-DE-DO?"

GIRLS.

We've just arrived from Kalamazoo,
How-de-do? How-de-do?
We're all to stay the season through;
How-de-do? How-de-do?
We wish we had a man like you,
Who'd come on Sunday nights to woo,
For we know how to bill and coo —
So do you (*point fingers at* MELROSE).

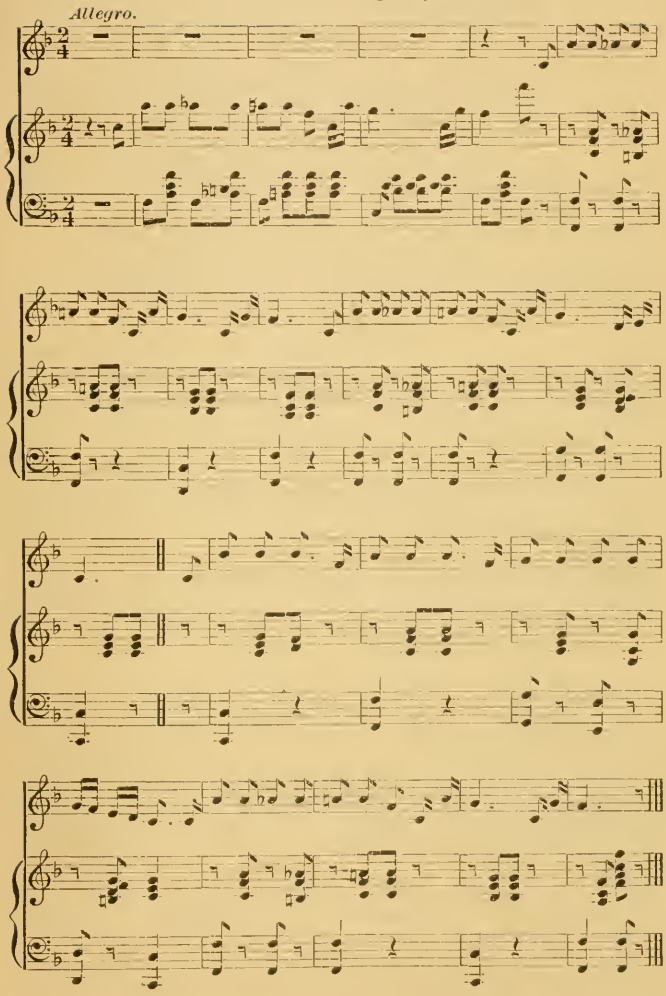
MEL.

You bet I do.

We were all brought up in Kalamazoo,
How-de-do? How-de-do?
A glance — just one — we'll give to you;
How-de-do? How-de-do?
Some people say we're awfully new,
But "our book we've read it through and through,"
And so we know a thing or two —
So do you (*pointing*).

HOW-DE-DO.

Arranged by LAURA LA GRANGE.



MEL. You bet I do.

[*During the song* MRS. ROSE *takes the* L. *front corner of stage, and the girls, in order, form a line diagonally to about the centre, up stage.* MELROSE *stands at* R. *front corner, partly turned toward them, except when he sings* "You bet I do," *which must be sung with face to audience, and a little wink. When the girls sing* "How-de-do?" *they take hold of skirts with left hand, and make an old-fashioned courtesy, bending the knees each time.* MRS. ROSE *may sing or not as she pleases. After the song, all parasols are closed together.*

MEL. Charmed, I'm sure, to meet so many lovely ladies. (*To* MRS. ROSE.) You certainly have quite a family, ma'am.

MRS. R. Oh, wait until you have seen all of them. (*Crosses to* C.) Come right in, my Rosebuds.

ENTER ROSEBUDS, *chewing gum. All very awkward and uninteresting.*

MRS. R. (*crosses back to* L.). These are my Rosebuds, Mr. Melrose, and I am sure you will find them very interesting children indeed. Their names are Lilly, Pansy, Violet, and Daisy. (*Children grin and bow awkwardly.*) You see, we have worked for the past two months on the wardrobe for our entertainment, and as long as we are here by ourselves, why not have a full-dress rehearsal?

MEL. Just the thing! Call me when you are ready. (*Crosses to* R.) I'll be anything from a chorus girl to a living picture. (*EXIT*, R.)

MRS. R. Now, girls, you sit down while I make our opening speech.

[*Girls sit in row of chairs, and the* ROSEBUDS *on the floor in front of them.*

OPENING SPEECH.

(C.) Ladies and Gentlemen: I am so glad to see so many of you present to witness our entertainment for the benefit of the Free Ice Fund for the Philippine islanders. It is quite the thing among summer boarders to raise money for some charitable object by making public exhibitions of themselves and their accomplishments. My beautiful daughters are just like all the rest of the girls—they do so love to be before the public. They *are* beautiful, as you must all own, and not one of them has yet had her little heart stolen away. So if there are any young gentlemen here who would like to make a selection, they may do so while the entertainment is going on. Without further remarks from me, we will sing our grand opening chorus. Both words and music were written especially for this occasion. (*To* GIRLS.) Prepare yourselves. (*Takes* L. *end of line.*) [*All the* GIRLS *rise, the* ROSEBUDS *standing in front.*

SONG: "TUNE, "*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.*"

If you will attention give, we will tell you, one and all,
How it was we happened to come down this way;
We all hail from Kalamazoo,
And before we bid adieu,
You will think the Bunch of Roses very gay.

CHORUS: We are all considered handsome,
Rosy cheeks and teeth like pearls;
We're a Bunch of Roses bright,
And we sing both day and night,
And we hope that you will like the Summer Girls.

You have heard of us before — heard about the summer girls
Who are not afraid to stay out after dark;
We all hail from Kalamazoo,
Our minds made up what we will do;
And we all intend to have a little lark.

CHORUS: We are all considered handsome, etc.

If there are any nice young men who admire Summer Girls,
Just take notice of this Bunch of Roses bright;
We are each a gay coquette,
And we have our hearts (*hands on hearts*) as yet,
But we all expect to lose them here to-night.

CHORUS: We are all considered handsome, etc.

[*Repeat chorus, all marching to the refrain.* MRS. ROSE *leads, followed by the* GIRLS *and then the* ROSEBUDS. *The march must be governed by the size of the stage and the discretion of the stage manager. As they march around to the* R. *entrance, all EXEUNT except* MRS. ROSE, PRUDENCE, PRISCILLA, *and* PATIENCE, *who march around and take their respective chairs. Parasols can lie on the floor behind chairs. When all are seated,* MRS. ROSE *speaks:*

MRS. R. Now, girls, remove your bonnets, and I'll try to find a spare bed to lay them away on. (*All remove bonnets and give them to* MRS. R.) Though, land o' goodness, if our rooms and beds aren't ready, I don't believe the spare bedroom is either. I'll go and see, anyway. While I am gone, you girls can get out your fancy work, and take a few stitches while the crowd's gathering. (*EXIT* MRS. ROSE, *with bonnets,* R.)

[GIRLS *all open bags and take out fancy work — the more ridiculous the work is the better.*

PRUDENCE. Girls, did you notice what a sweet smile that nice young man gave me just as he went out?

PATIENCE. No; but I noticed the naughty little wink that he gave me. I think he's just too sweet to live.

PRISCILLA. So do I; but I think I've got the inside track there, and I intend to bring all my charms to bear upon him.

PRUD. I think I'll crochet him a nice pair of yellow and red slippers. I know the young men just love to get slippers for presents.

PAT. No, they don't, either. They like something they can keep, and so I'm going to give him my tintype, and I know he'll carry it in his inside pocket, right over his heart.

PRIS. How foolish you are! (*Rises.*) You don't know much about men, or you would know that the way to their hearts is through their stomachs. So I'm going to make him some of my soda biscuits. (*EXIT*, R.)

PAT. (*calling after her*). Don't; if you do we sha'n't have any young man here at all!

ENTER MRS. ROSE, R.

MRS. R. (C.). Now, girls, we'll begin with our program; so be ready when your time comes. (*To audience.*) You see, we are going to depart from the usual way of starting a program with a piano solo. Most everybody does, so the people can talk with one another, and those who are late can come in without disturbing any one. Patience will entertain you with a song. She has such a large stock of them, I can't tell you just what it will be, but she will sing as the spirit moves her. Prepare yourselves. (*Goes*, L.)

[PATIENCE *rises; advances to* C.; *stops as if thinking; looks at pianist; raises four fingers; sings two verses of* "The Old Folks at Home." *At close she bows and sits down. Burlesque the song. Use funny gestures.*

MRS. R. We will now exhibit a few copies of portraits of our family, taken from the old family album. Some people don't believe in having albums any more, but we do; and I wouldn't part with mine for anything, if for no other reason than that the girls do so love to get it out and show it to their young men callers, and entertain them by telling who each one is, and all about them. Prudence, you and Patience can exhibit the pictures as I describe them.

[*The girls take their places on each side of the curtains in the centre at back. In exposing the pictures, drape the curtains back, and hold them until ten is counted slowly. Then close together while the next picture is being described. Repeat as before.*

Now, the first I would call to your notice is one of my mother, taken years ago. My, but she was a smart woman, and a powerful hand to work at fancy work and such like! This picture shows her in one of her favorite occupations.

[*Picture: Woman in calico dress, sleeves rolled up, in act of washing clothes at washboard in tub. Front view. Can be represented by* SALLY.

Father was never much of a hand to hurt himself with over-work,

for he generally enjoyed poor health most of the time. This picture is one that was so natural to mother, but I don't remember much about it, for all I am in it myself. He used to do a great deal of running around nights. This shows him in one of his pleasant pastimes.

[*Picture: Man stands facing audience. Trousers and shirt on; no collar; one suspender hanging down; hair ruffled up. On each arm is a baby in long dress and night-cap. Bottle in one hand marked "Soothing Syrup." Can be done by* MELROSE.

Aunt Maria always said she was too beautiful to be took in a picture, though she was willing enough to be "*took*" by some man; but the right one never came along. She always said she wouldn't mind having her face carved in marble for a Museum of Fine Arts, but after a good deal of persuading on our part, she finally consented to pose for a photographer, with this result. Note the wonderful facial expression.

[*Picture: Old maid. Hair high on head; curls in front of ears; high comb; low-cut dress to make neck look long and thin. She stands with back to audience.*

The next is a picture of me when I was a little girl. Mother always said it was a good one, and looked so much like me that hardly anybody could tell whether it was me or my twin sister Samanthy Ann.

[*Picture: Small girl; short dress; pinafore; pantalettes; big, stiff sun-bonnet drawn down so as to cover the face completely. Stands facing audience. By smallest* ROSEBUD.

The next one is really no blood relation of ours, but she lived with us so long that she seemed just like one of the family. Some think there is a family resemblance, but I never could see it.

[*Picture: Woman facing audience; calico dress and apron; red bandanna kerchief on head; black false face and black gloves. A typical Aunt Dinah. After pictures, the girls resume their seats.*

Prudence Lobelia will now give utterance to her feelings in a little recitation which, by the way, is very pathetic, and appeals to the hearts of everybody — especially the dear men. She wrote it herself, and calls it "A Maiden's Lament." Prepare yourselves. (*Sits*, L.)

PRUDENCE LOBELIA *rises, crosses to* C., *and bows; then recites the following. She must be very giddy. As she rises to recite,* PATIENCE *rises and goes out*, R.

A MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

(*Any comic recitation or monologue can be substituted here.*)

I'm dying for some one to love me;
I want him to call me his bird,

His cuckoo, his own little ducky,
And all the sweet names ever heard.
I want to be called toot-sy woot-sy,
I want to be squeezed and caressed,
I want him to tell me he loves me,
As I lean on his masculine chest.

I want him to take me to picnics,
To visit me once every day,
Bring me peanuts and ice-cream and candy —
To my heart he'd quite soon find a way.
I'd nestle up closely beside him,
I'd tell him I loved him the best ;
And there, with my lips close to "hisen,"
I'd kiss him till he couldn't rest.

I don't see how the men can resist me,
For all I'm so awfully shy ;
I blush — now of course I can't help it —
Whenever a man passes by.
At times I'm distressingly giddy,
But when I'm fixed up in my best,
I cut quite a notable figure,
For I'm always so stylishly dressed.

Aunt Mary thinks I am too giddy —
I "ought to stop talking of beaux ;"
She says, "All these men are deceitful,
From their heads clear down to their toes."
But she's an old maid over fifty ;
With lovers she's never been blest.
So I want to get married — this minute —
For old maids I simply detest.

Now, I hope you will all understand me
When I say I'm in want of a man ;
For I'm just like the rest of the ladies —
I'm waiting to catch what I can.
So, if any young man here before me
Should to-night with my charms be impressed,
Come right up — and before all these people,
In your strong, loving arms I will rest.

[*Bows and EXIT*, R., *after receiving bouquet.*

MRS. R. The Rosebuds will now entertain you with some of the latest up-to-date songs. They are familiar to most of you, but if you wish to obtain printed copies, you can do so by applying to any of the girls after the performance. Prepare yourselves.

ENTER PANSY, R., *dressed as Old Mother Hubbard*

PANSY (*sings*). *Tune*, "Old Nursery Rhymes."

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor doggie a bone ;
When she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggie had none. (*Stands* L.)

ENTER LILLY, R., *dressed as Little Miss Muffett.*

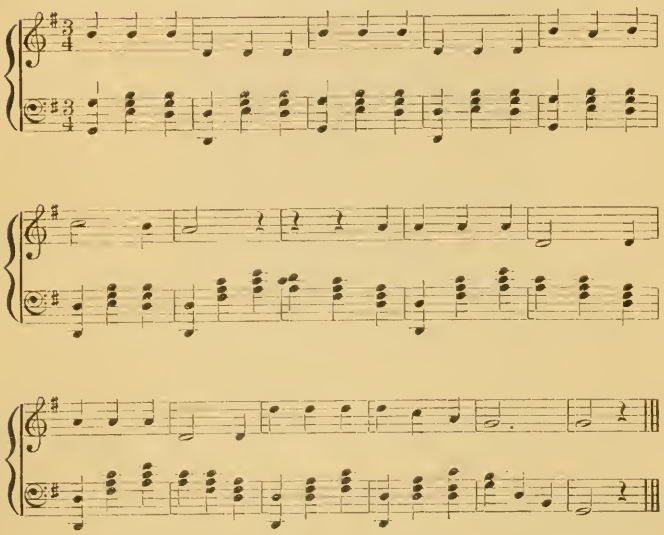
LILLY (*sings*):

Little Miss Muffet, she sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curd and whey;
There came a big spider and sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffett away.

(*Stands next to* PANSY.)

OLD NURSERY RHYMES.

Arranged by LAURA LA GRANGE.



ENTER VIOLET, R., *dressed as Little Bo-Peep.*

VIOLET (*sings*).

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone and they'll come home,
Bringing their tails behind them.

(*Stands next to* LILLY.)

ENTER DAISY, R., *dressed as Little Boy Blue.*

DAISY (*sings*).

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn ;
Where's the boy who looks after the sheep?
He's under the haystack, fast asleep.

(*Stands next to* VIOLET.)

(*All sing.*)

Old Mother Goose gives a party to-night,
To all her children dear ;
So all must come and join the fun,
Her old heart we will cheer.
Old Mother Hubbard and Little Miss Muffett
Are both on a visit to-day ;
And soon Jack Sprat, with his wife so fat,
Are coming down this way.
Little Jack Horner, who sat in a corner,
And Little Bo-Peep so true,
She'll soon be seen upon the green
Dancing with Little Boy Blue.
Mistress Mary who's quite contrary,
Surely will appear,
With Old King Cole, a jolly old soul,
And St. Nick bringing up in the rear.
Now Tommy Tucker is in for fun,
And along with Tommy, Grace ;
And Johnny Long sings a funny song
As the fiddlers take their place.
We'll dance and sing, till the curfews ring,
To our homes then one and all ;

(*Separate here — two to each entrance.*)

And never forget when we all met
At Mother Goose's fancy ball.

(*EXEUNT*, R. *and* L.)

MRS. R. Little Sally Sparks has a little piece to speak for you. It has a moral to it. I will leave you to find it out for yourselves. (*Calls.*) Sally! (*To audience.*) Prepare yourselves.

ENTER SALLY, *who recites.*

SISTER ANN'S BEAU.

My sister Ann has got a beau,
Who comes on Sunday night,
And keeps her up — oh, awful late!
I wonder if it's right?

One night he came to call on her,
I hid behind a chair,
And saw him kiss and hug her tight,
Not knowing I was there.

First time I ever knew a chair
  Was big enough for two ;
But I saw him take her on his knee,
  And say, "Oh, I lub you!"

Sis' acted awful bashful like ;
  I knew 'twas all put on,
For she had had a beau before,
  And knew just how 'twas done.

Then with a fire-cracker large,
  I hit upon a plan
To have some fun with my big sis',
  And also her young man.

I don't suppose 'twas right to peek ;
  But p'rhaps when I've a beau,
I'll likely have to do the same —
  And I thought I ought to know.

Now, when she called him tootsy-wootz,
  And he called her a bird,
I let that fire-cracker go —
  The biggest noise you ever heard.

Of course they jumped, he grabbed at me,
  And 'cross his knee I laid ;
Enough's been said — my sister Ann
  Is still a sour, cross old maid.

(*Pause.*) And she says I'm the cause of it all. (*EXIT*, R.)

[NOTE: *Other selections, vocal or instrumental music, or recitations, may be introduced here at the discretion of the stage manager.*

MRS. R. As a closing number to our entertainment, we will, with your kind permission, present for the first time in your city (or any other) a new Comic Operetta which was written for us, under Penelope's direction, by the well-known composers, Silbert and Gullivan, and is considered their latest success. It is entitled "Johnny Jones;" and, like all other operettas, it abounds with pretty girls, gorgeous costumes, bright music, and last, but not least, a plot; that is, they said there was one, but we have not been able to find it yet. If anybody should happen to discover it wandering around anywhere, we will pay a liberal reward to the finder after the performance. The audience is requested not to make too much noise looking for it. The finale is a grand, stirring, patriotic medley in which we want you all to join. After the overture we will proceed. Prepare yourselves. (*EXIT*, R.)

[NOTE: *Here a piano solo may be introduced while the performers are getting ready for the "Opera." The idea of this bit of burlesque is that there is positively no sense or plot in the whole thing — it being a "take-off" on so many of the popular operas that are either devoid of plot or have scarcely enough to hold them together. The girls may dress in pretty outing suits.*

"JOHNNY JONES."

A BURLESQUE OPERETTA IN ONE ACT.

SCENE.—Any old place. TIME.—Last week. COSTUMES.—Up to Date.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MISS BOGGS	Mrs. Rose.
BESSIE	Prudence.
JESSIE	Patience.
SUE	Priscilla.
MABEL	Pamelia.
MAUD	Polly.
BRIDGETA MALONA	Matilda.
JOHNNY JONES	Mr. Melrose.

NEIGHBORS, FRIENDS, AND KIDS.

Tune, "John Brown's Body," *after prelude. The girls sing two lines outside, and then ENTER*, R. *Each one has a letter in her hand. They stand in line and sing verse and chorus, after which they separate*, R. *and* L.

SONG.

TUNE, "*John Brown's Body.*"

We've run away from boarding-school,
We'll not go back again;
Our teachers are unkind to us,
We look for fun in vain.
We study very hard all day, and so when night has come
We always want some fun.

CHORUS: We are all light-hearted maidens,
Always laughing, bright and gay;
We are hoping, waiting, watching,
For a man to come this way.

BESSIE. Well, girls, now that we have run away, what are we going to do?

JESSIE. I think we'd better read our letters first.

ALL. Of course—our letters!

BES. Hush! Some one approaches. (*Looks* R.)

JES. Who can it be?

SUE. Perhaps it's the teacher, Miss Boggs.

MAUD. May be it's a man.

MABEL. Or some awful wild animal.

BES. No—(*singing outside*)—'tis a female woman. Listen—she sings.

BRIDGETA (*outside*; *sings. Tune*, "Wearing of the Green").

Oh, Paddy dear, an' did ye hear
The news that's goin' around?
The shamrock is by law forbid
To grow on Irish ground.

An' no more St. Patrick's Day we'll kape,
The color can't be seen;

(*ENTER*, R.; *crosses to* C.)

For they're hangin' men and women
For the wearing av the Green.

(*Looks around at the girls.*)

ALL. Why, it's only Bridgeta!

BRID. Shure, an' who did ye think it was?

JES. We didn't know but it might be a man.

BES. Or Miss Boggs, come to take us back to school.

JES. Has she left her room yet?

BRID. Yis, an' comin' this way. I thought, by the way she was puttin' the powder on her face, she moight be expectin' a gintleman to see her.

ALL. A young man here — oh, no!

MAUD. An unheard-of thing in these parts.

BRID. Why don't ye read yer letters before she comes? I'll watch out. (*Crosses to* R., *and EXIT.*)

BES. A good idea.

[*All stand in a row in the following order, from* L. *to* R.: BESSIE, JESSIE, SUE, MABEL, MAUD. *Read letters.*

SONG: TUNE, "*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.*"

BES. (*sings*).

Dearest Bess, if you don't mind,

JES. (*sings*).

I will see you, sure, to-night;
But don't let the others know that I am there;

SUE (*sings*).

For I want to see you, Sue;

MAB. (*sings*).

Meet me, Mabel, just at two;

MAUD (*sings*).

Oh, you dearest little Maud, you are so fair.

BES. (*sings*).

It's from Mr. Johnny Jones.
I will meet him, yes, alone.

JES. (*sings*).

No one else will ever know that he has come.

SUE (*sings*).

Johnny wants to see his Sue,

MAB. (*sings*).

Soon his Mabel he can woo.

MAUD (*sings*).

Now I'm happy, for I am the only one.

CHORUS.

ALL (*sing*).

We will each one have a sweet-heart,
Johnny Jones at last has come ;
And before the autumn day
Shall forever pass away,
All our little hearts will surely then be won.

ENTER, BRIDGETA, R.

BRID. Here comes Miss Boggs!

BES. She mustn't see these letters. (*All put letters out of sight.*) Whom was yours from, Jessie?

JES. Oh, a lovely young man by the name of Jones.

SUE. Jones!

MAB. Why, my letter was from Mr. Jones!

MAUD. So was mine!

BES. And mine, too! How many of the Jones family are coming, I wonder?

ENTER MISS BOGGS, R. *She is very ugly, and dressed very giddily.*

MISS BOGGS. Only one that I know of. I have just received a letter from him, telling me he would call here to-day. It seems that he has seen me when I was out for my morning walk, and that I have made quite an impression upon him.

ALL. Is his name Johnny Jones?

MISS B. Yes, Johnny Jones.

SONG: TUNE, "*John Brown's Body.*"

ALL.

The Johnny Jones are coming, coming here to-day,
Hope that we will like them, hope they've come to stay ;
Hope they won't be bashful, hope they will be gay,
And we will have some fun.

CHORUS : Johnny Jones, you are my sweet-heart,
You're the one I want to see ;
Johnny Jones, I love you dearly —
You're the only Jones for me.

MISS B. Now, girls, I think you had better go and leave me here alone, for I am expecting a gentleman visitor.

BES. I am expecting one, too.

JES. And I!

ALL. And I!

BES. So, you see, we are going to stay right where we are.

ENTER BRIDGETA, *with tray and six visiting-cards. Each girl takes one.*

ALL. Mr. Johnny Jones.

MISS B. Did they all come together?

BRIDGETA. Mum?

MISS B. Did the Mr. Joneses all arrive at the same time?

BRID. Shure, an' did ye think he would come in sections?

BES. You don't understand; we mean all together.

BRID. Well, as far as I could see, 'twas all together, but I think there's a screw loose somewhere.

ALL. A screw loose?

BRID. Yis; fer such a quare lukin' chap Oi niver saw in all me loife.

MISS B. Bridgeta, show them in.

BRID. Thim! (*Crosses* R.) Shure, an' Oi thought 'twas an "*it*." (*EXIT*, R.)

MISS B. Now, girls, as they're all arrived at the same time, we will entertain them together. I wonder if they are all good looking?

BRID. (*outside*). Av ye do be sure yez are all together, yez can go roight in.

[*Prelude to song as* JOHNNY JONES *ENTERS*, R. *He crosses to* C., *and sings. Tune*, "How-de-do?"

SONG.

JONES.

I'm Johnny Jones of Timbuctoo,
How-de-do? How-de-do?
I've just dropped in to speak to you,
How-de-do? How-de-do?
The girls all say tra-la-la-loo
When they all met me at the Zoo.
They think I've got the money, too;
So do you —

GIRLS AND MISS B. Of course we do.

Joneses like me are very few,
How-de-do? How-de-do?
That's why I have come to woo,
How-de-do? How-de-do?
As you are all from Kalamazoo,
And I'm a Jones from Timbuctoo,
Nothing can our meeting rue —
How-de-do?

GIRLS AND MISS B. How-de-do?

MISS B. Where are the others?

JONES. Others?

BES. Yes — the rest of you.

JONES. Excuse me — I'm all here.

MISS B. Are you the one who sent me this lovely note?

JONES. I guess I must have sent you all one.

BES. You sent them all?

JONES. Yes; but I wasn't aware that you all lived here together.

MISS B. How did you learn our names?

JONES. Why, I just told a young fellow that I wanted to know the names of some marriageable young ladies; and he said he could give me some. He said you were all very rich, and every one of you looking for a husband. And as I am looking for a wife —

MISS B. Yes! yes!

JONES. And as I was looking for a wife —

ALL (*rushing to him*). Are you looking for a wife?

JONES. Yes; but you see I want only one.

BES. I am sure you could learn to love me.

JES. You don't know how divinely I can sing.

MAUD. And I can play the harmonica so sweetly.

SUE. And I can write such beautiful poetry.

MAB. And I can sew on buttons and make the best of biscuit.

MISS B. Young ladies, remember that you are only school-girls, and not old enough to think of marriage yet. Young man (*crosses to him*), *I* am the one you seek. I can make you happy. You are just my ideal of a husband. I like your manners and your intelligence; so without saying any more about it, you may claim me as your bride.

ALL. His bride!

JONES. But my dear madame —

MISS B. Oh, you dear man! (*Arms around his neck.*) I have you at last! You are all mine! (*Pause.*) Kiss me.

JONES. Is this Fate, or is it — ?

MISS B. Happiness! Blissful happiness at last!

JONES. Am I really all yours.

MISS B. All! All!

JONES. Then I must be resigned to my fate.

BES. But how about the rest of us?

JONES. I have several brothers —

ALL (*rush to him*). Where are they?

JONES. All home. Mother doesn't allow them out o' nights.

ALL. Then we are bereft!

JONES. I think I must have strayed, for I'm sure I've been stolen.

MISS B. Are you a true American?

JONES. Yes, and a Jones.

MISS B. Do you love the stars and stripes? Would you fight for them? (*Tragically.*)

JONES. Yes. (*Very heroic.*) I am a Jones.

MISS B. (*takes his arm*). We will marry to-morrow, and go to our palatial home in Jonesville. And now, as long as everything is settled, we may as well be happy. I have anticipated this for some

time, and as we are all true-hearted American citizens, let us join in singing the old and stirring melody "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean;" and may you all be as happy as I am in becoming MRS. JOHNNY JONES.

[*Separate so as to leave centre of stage open to show picture. ENTER* ROSEBUDS; *they stand in front. Two girls go up to raise curtains; others group themselves around stage.* MISS BOGGS *and* JONES *standing together. All sing.*

SONG: TUNE, "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Before we bid you all adieu,
And to your homes you go;
We'll show to you an old-time friend,
Her features you will know.
And when you see Columbia stand,
To show to her you're true,
Join in the chorus as we sing,
The red, the white, the blue.

FINAL SONG.

"*Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.*"

[*Audience to join in chorus.*

Oh, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
The world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

CHORUS: When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
The Army and Navy forever —
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

[*Repeat Chorus. At first chorus the curtains separate, showing statue of* "Columbia." *This may be impersonated by* PENELOPE, *who has plenty of time to change for it. Costume: white clinging drapery; bare arms; hair flowing; crown; large flag in right hand. All turn toward* COLUMBIA *as the curtain descends on second chorus.*

THE END.

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